

LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

"FIAT PERPETUA."

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

(Continued.)

In a fortnight the furniture arrived at the cottage, and a servant to give directions and to assist in arranging it. Before this was completed, Mrs. Sinclair and her niece arrived, and with them two other women-servants and a footman; who formed, with a gardener, the whole of her establishment.

Greatly was the curiosity of the villagers excited by their new resident. 'Who can they be?' inquired every one; but none could answer. Then 'was she married, or single, or a widow?' At last it was known that she was unmarried. 'But who was the young lady, called her niece?' She bore so strong a resemblance to her aunt, that she might be taken for her daughter. Some doubted whether they should do these new comers the honor of a call; whilst all were anxious to form their opinions from closer observation. 'We shall see if sir Thomas and lady Wills visit them,' said one; 'Or if Mr. Herbert,' said another; 'O, he will, I have no doubt, (replied a third,) he thinks it right to be acquainted with all who reside in his parish.' 'But he should consider he has a daughter, and be cautious of the acquaintances he makes for her.'—'And that he has a son too; there may be more danger for him, I think.' 'I dare say, Mrs. Sinclair will be too much of a fine lady to attend church frequently, and perhaps will not condescend to come at all; and therefore those who might visit her will not have an opportunity.

While scandal, suspicion, and conjecture, were spreading their hints and surmises throughout the village circle, the unconscious objects of them

NUMBER 3.

were busily engaged in little tasteful decorations for the interior of the cottage, placing their books and pictures, and disposing the furniture conveniently and elegantly.

'Julia, (said Mrs. Sinclair,) do you think you shall be happy in this retirement, with no other society than your aunt, your books, and your music?' 'Can my aunt doubt it? (replied Julia;) with my aunt only I could be happy; I would find books in the running stream, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. Let me but see your health restored, and your spirits cheerful, I shall be happy.' A tear swam in the eye of Mrs. Sinclair; and after a few moments of thoughtful silence, she said, 'We shall be visited, I have no doubt; and I hope you will find some companion whom you will like, that you may ramble about the beautiful fields which appear to surround us. I hope soon to have a low chaise, and a sober jog trot horse, and then I will explore the highways and lanes with you; but till then —' 'Till then, dearest aunt, I will sit with you, stroll about the garden with you, read to you, sing to you, paint with you. O! fear not that I shall want amusement! Even tho the village offers no associate for me, I have never in my life felt dull or gloomy; and now—

'Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing, save that delightful is, and kind,
Of goodness savoring, and a tender mind,
Rises to view.'

'These are poetical flights, my Julia, (replied her aunt;) and tho they may sometimes elevate our

VOLUME I.

feelings above common circumstances, yet they cannot long sustain us; and situation, such as it really is, will have its influence: but we will endeavor to find amusement in ourselves, and in each other.'

"How brightly does the sun welcome us in a morning when we enter the breakfast parlor! It is like the smile of a friend, my aunt, and I rejoice to meet it." "There breathes the social spirit," thought Mrs. Sinclair; "I fear I have been wrong in seeking this retirement for that dear girl; but the sun is a friend, my Julia, and a parent too." "A parent!" repeated Julia, and her fine eyes were lifted up to Heaven, "have I a parent? perhaps there"—"And here too, my child," exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair, holding out her arms.—Julia flew to her embrace, and tears of undefined emotion streamed from her eyes.—"When will the mystery that attends me be unfolded?" her voice murmured as her head lay on the bosom of her aunt. "In time it will: but be patient; we must not yield to these feelings; recover yourself, and we will return to our employment of arranging the books and pictures." Many of these were dear and precious memorials of friends divided from them by distance, but attached, closely attached by sentiment; and as they were suspended on the wall, many a fond thought, a tender sigh, or silent tear, was given to these mute images. "I should like to know the history of them all," said Julia; "for the expression of many greatly interests me. I think, my dear aunt," she continued, resuming her gayety, "that you may be compared to the great Fingal himself, as he sat in his airy hall surrounded by the shades of his heroes."—"And pleasant yet mournful to my soul is the remembrance," said Mrs. Sinclair. Several landscapes and flowers, scenes of peculiar interest, or the painting of some dear friend, with ornamental china and flower baskets, finished the interior of this room. Some more sacred resemblances were reserved for the sanctuary, a small light closet that joined Mrs. Sinclair's apartment, and to which no one had access without her permission. These employments occupied the first three or four days after their arrival; and when they rested from them the piano forte of Mrs. Sinclair and the harp of Julia mingled their delightful sounds in sweet harmony.

Mrs. Sinclair, though the aunt of a tall girl of eighteen, was not an old woman "rouged and repaired for an ungrateful public"—she might even have appeared a young one—but she disdained to deceive by artificial colors, and through a pure transparent complexion the motions of a mind as pure frequently betrayed themselves. Though she was

"Just in the zenith of her golden days,
When the mind ripens, ere the form decays,"

she has adopted the brevet rank of mistress. Numerous were the conjectures upon the assumption of a title which is generally adopted with reluctance, though willingly accepted; and in this instance neither time nor *Hymen* appeared to have conferred the distinction. Mrs. Sinclair, however, as she was denominated, looked forward to a life of "single blessedness," without dread or reproach; and the chief object of that life was Julia, to whom she was a mother, guardian, friend, cherishing and admonishing, protecting and supporting, enlivening and indulging her. Her face was still so beautiful that it was difficult to suppose it ever had been more so. The spirit of a fine brilliant eye was chastened by the softness and benevolence of her heart; yet, when it was necessary, it could assume an expression that at once repulsed the forward and awed the daring. Her person was tall, and, though rather large, finely proportioned; the tones of her voice were peculiarly expressive; and all she uttered bore the stamp of a superior and cultivated intellect, combined with the richest powers of imagination.—Her manners were easy and dignified, and though polished by early association with the highest circles, yet possessed a native charm and originality, that strength of character will in many points retain, whatever may be the artificial tints it receives from the hand of fashion.

Though in London she received the visits of gentlemen without the usual sanction of the presence of a married female; and though she was in correspondence with many, yet so unequivocal had been her conduct through life, so extensive was the circle of her acquaintance, so well was she understood, that, like Judith, "there was never known an evil report of her." The only subject of surprise she excited was, that with all her attractions of person, and the still greater charms of fortune, she had remained unmarried, though it was well known her hand had been frequently solicited. Some generously ascribe her refusals to a resolution of devoting her life and bequeathing her property to Julia, the orphan daughter of a beloved sister, who it was reported was dead, and dying commended her child, then an infant, to her care, until the father who was absent should return to claim her. Such was the report that had gained the greatest currency, and had settled into a kind of belief, though occasionally there would arise a few varieties of opinion, which tended to attach a mystery to the birth and connections of Julia.

In a place so retired as Albany, Mrs. Sinclair imagined curiosity would not seek to inquire any further than as to names and fortune; and whatever were her motives for wishing the investigation to extend no further, her opinion that it would not, certainly operated as a recommenda-

tion to the place. In this opinion she deceived herself; for never is curiosity so keenly awakened, conjectures so busy, or invention so ingenious, as in a village or a small town. It is there that envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, walk their daily rounds. With few objects to engage attention, vices and virtues, which are disseminated over society in general, are attributed in a double or treble proportion to the few unfortunate individuals who compose this village world. Every look, every word, is marked, commented upon, and interpreted; nothing is spoken of but each other; a ribband cannot be changed without being noticed, or a phrase uttered without being repeated: but as it travels from mouth to mouth, it becomes so garbled that all its original connections and dependencies are lost. The metropolis and its vicinity, however unfavorable they may be to individual simplicity of manner, have every social advantage; the understanding is better cultivated, the mind more stored with images; science has more students, the liberal arts more patrons, genius more admirers, and conversation more competitors; public topics engage the attention of society; politics, business and pleasure are discussed, and domestic incidents are not required to supply subjects for conversation or animadversion.

Though Mrs. Sinclair had been a resident of Albany but four days, and though every article of furniture had not found its proper appointments; though her house was not in every part complete; yet she did not consider these as sufficient reasons to absent herself from church in order to avoid receiving visits until every thing was finally arranged. What was the surprise of the congregation, and the pleasure of Mr. Herbert, who had just ascended the desk, when they beheld the graceful dignified figures of Mrs. Sinclair and her niece enter their seat, which was next to that belonging to the parsonage! Even two of her servants were also there. Every one was astonished, and could scarcely restrain their whispers during service; but they knew that Mr. Herbert required at least the decorum of silence in his congregation; and indeed his manner was sufficiently solemn to command it even from the most irreverent. In a voice deep, manly, and impressive, he began the exhortation. The penitential seriousness with which he read the confession, the solemn tone of the absolution, and the pious supplication of the Lord's prayer, fixed the entire attention of Mrs. Sinclair, and impressed upon her mind feelings and sentiments of the highest respect and admiration. He observed the devotion which she and her niece showed during the service, and entertained a favorable opinion of his new parishioners. When he ascended the pulpit, no longer absorbed by her own particular devotions, Mrs.

Sinclair directed her eyes as well as her attention to the preacher; and as she gazed on his benign countenance, on his silver locks that parted on his open forehead, and fell in short waving curls upon his temples; his clear complexion, the result of health and temperance; his fine upright figure, that seemed to mark a conscience void of offence both to God and man—she could have fancied some venerable patriarch stood before her, or that she heard and beheld the divine preacher and apostle at Athens. The sermon, both in style and subject, was exactly suited to his auditors; he inculcated moral duties by divine precepts, and gave that illustration of our Saviour's commands in such a manner as to prove the practice of them easy.—He seemed exhorting his hearers as a friend, rather than a ruler, yet with an earnestness that expressed how deeply he felt the importance of his office, and of his being the servant of him whose word is our law. He painted the Christian religion as he felt, believed and practised it; and all his precepts were founded upon the example of its divine original.

Mrs. Sinclair remained in her seat till he had left the pulpit, considering it a want of respect to the clergyman, and an indecorous indication of impatience to hurry away the instant the service is ended. On crossing the churchyard, Mr. Herbert had stopped to speak to a person: and as she passed him, from an involuntary feeling of respect, she curtsied. Julia did the same; and taking his hat quite off, he lowly bowed his venerable head to his new and amiable-looking parishioners. Mrs. Sinclair from early habits, impressions, connexions, and associations, had a particular respect for the clergy; and when they really performed their duty, she thought no profession of so much importance to society, or capable of imparting so much comfort to individuals. What a blessing to a parish is one who will "go about doing good," who will inquire into the sorrows and wants of his parishioners, who will succor, soothe, counsel, and instruct them; who will reconcile animosities, and strengthen friendship; who will establish peace, good will, and charity, amongst his neighbors; who will encourage industry, neatness and sobriety; who will practise what he preaches, and confirm his precepts by his example! Such a one she fancied she saw in Mr. Herbert; and she congratulated herself on the residence she had chosen. She had observed also Mrs. Herbert and her daughter, and was pleased with the appearance of both.

(To be continued.)

The man who prides himself not on his personal conduct, but on a long line of ancestry, has been ludicrously, but justly, compared to the potatoe-plant, the best part of which is under ground.

[Translated from the French for this Museum.]

THE KING AND HAPPY MAN.

A certain king became hypochondriac, slept only when at mass, at the council chamber, or with his mistress. His subjects became alarmed; and twenty doctors were called in, who examined, consulted, and disputed, to the end that a preventative might be found to stop the deluge of tears which would inevitably flow, if his majesty's health was not restored.

These physicians were not novices; but in all their practice, they could not find a precedent, that a king, who dined every day on four courses, should complain of loss of appetite.

The faculty judged him incurable, until, at length, an astrologer appeared, with a long white beard, who after consulting the planets, gravely declared, that his majesty would not recover, unless a shirt was obtained for him which appertained to a man perfectly happy.

But the difficulty was, where to find this fortunate personage—The prime minister was mute, and was at a loss how to act, when the prince exclaimed in a rage at his indecision—"Go, and instantly bring me *one* of those thousand persons, whom you tell me are every day rendered happy by your edicts."

Couriers were dispatched throughout the kingdom. The shirts of rich and poor, young and old, in fine, of persons of every description were procured, but the king derived no relief for his malady.

The messengers began to despair the accomplishment of their errand; when one day as four of them were returning in a gloomy mood to the capital, they stopped at a miserable inn by the way side. From an adjoining room issued the voice of merriment, and on examining who the authors were, they discovered a stout young fellow, singing with the greatest glee; beside him sat a ruddy buxom lass, whom he caressed with great affection. After finishing his song, he attacked a large black loaf, and a cheese of no very inviting appearance, and dined on them with the most evident satisfaction, and then retired.

The courtiers had closely observed them, and after the lovers had retired, one of them exclaimed "Par bleu, we have at last found the object of our long search. This peasant must be the happy man. Observe his healthy appearance, his sinewy arms, his sparkling eyes, and, what an appetite! He enjoys the affections of that pretty girl—How fondly attached they are! Our aim is at last accomplished! Vive le roi.

Jacques and Susan returned. They did not know they were wanted—On their appearance one of the courtiers addressed him with, "My

friend you appear to be very happy." "Yes, he replied, thank God, I have good health, Susan is very pretty and kind, I take no care for to-morrow, and what else need I care for?"

"Do, my dear friend, exclaimed the other, confer a great favor."

"I," with all my heart, but on whom?"

"On the king!"

"You mock me."

"No sir, upon my honor. The king loves you. It is in your power to save his life, and restore him to health."

Without waiting for further explanation, they hurried him into his sovereign's presence, and without further delay the four courtiers attacked the astonished boor, tore off his outer covering, when to the astonishment and chagrin of all present, it was discovered, that this *truly happy* man had no other covering but his doublet, and was *entirely destitute of a shirt*. The moral is obvious.

M. F.

[For this Museum.]

The following pathetic extract is from a letter written by the late DR. LINN to his father, a short time prior to his death. There is an interesting plaintiveness breathed throughout which must affect every reader.

"I cannot now sit down as I once could, and give a history of my ideas and sensations, in the deficiency of fact or incident. for I have survived my sensations, and my ideas are dry and exhausted. Nothing touches, nothing interests me.

"I cannot now trace my joys to their source, or my sorrows to their spring, for I am destitute of their present, and insensible to their former, existence—The energy of youthful feeling is subdued, and the vivacity of warm emotion worn out by its own violence. I have lived too fast, in a moral as well as a physical sense, and the principles of my intellectual, as well as my natural, constitution, are, I fear, fast hastening to decay. I live, the tomb of my expiring mind, and preserve only the consciousness of my wretched state, without the power, and *almost without the wish*, to be otherwise than I am. And yet, God knows, I am nothing less than contented."

[For this Museum.]

BLUNDER (Extra.)

A colored gentleman, the other day, to shew his astronomical erudition, informed me that the cold was so excessive as to be seven degrees below the Vomiter (Thermometer.) P.

We seldom find any persons of good sense, but such as are of our opinion.

[For this Museum.]

A HOAX.

A hoax of the first water was lately executed with success in the Debtors Apartment of Philadelphia. A speculative gentleman who had been frequently, what is called, returned, in other words retained the benefit of the act, on account of unlawfully retaining his creditors property, by some means, had one of his principal creditors informed, *as a secret*, that he had a considerable sum of money concealed in a pocket book sewed in the breast of his coat. The bait took, the gentleman went to the prison, and among other conversation, carelessly mentioned that he must have money in his possession, as it was impossible that he could have spent or lost so large a sum as that for which he was imprisoned, and further said, he would give him 150 dollars if he would deliver up to him all the money he had about him. Prior to this, he, the prisoner, as if by accident, placed the front of his coat so that the mark of the book was perceptible—After a little hesitation, he agreed, the check drawn, cash received, and the knife applied to the stitches. The momentous moment, big with the fate of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, arrived. The delighted creditor received the precious deposit, quickly opened and found its contents—a parcel of old receipts, and copies of ancient Irish songs, for which he had to pay the piper for the tune. W.

[For this Museum.]

MR. LEWIS—The following lines were written by a gentleman on the blank leaf of a lady's Bible. They have been before printed, but perhaps you may think them worthy of a corner in your Museum. F.

When thy beauty shall fade, as 'tis certain it must,
And thy youth, as it flies, steal the bloom which it gave;
When the cold hand of death shall consign thee to dust,
And the wild flower bloom on the clod of thy grave.

If this volume of Heaven has been thy delight,
And thy offerings of praise to its God have ascended;
If thy pray'rs have encircled the throne of his might,
And the tears of repentance and love thou hast blended.

Thy barque, as it floats to the regions of truth,
Shall know neither danger, nor doubting, nor fear;
For the God thou hast sought in thy moments of youth
Shall seek and support thee when trouble is near:

He will guide it unhurt to Eternity's shore,
And anchor it safe in the haven of rest;
Thou shalt sleep in his bosom, to wander no more,
From the house of thy Father, the home of the blest.

It is not to be supposed, that all men can possess the same opportunities, or recur to the same sources of information.

[For this Museum.]

DR. BEATTIE.

"He thought as a sage, tho he felt as a man."

It has been remarked by some writer, that the above line is truly descriptive of Dr. Beattie, its author. Nothing could be more applicable. Having had frequent opportunities of being in company with that amiable poet, the passage forcibly struck me as it related to himself. His words were the effusions of a sage, whilst its austerity was tempered with the pleasantries of a man, who would at times, assume even a juvenile playfulness. The irremediable losses of his children, who merited his affection by their virtues, cast a deep shade of melancholy over his latter years, but even this frequently vanished, when engaged in conversation with his friends. L.

Sunday Reading.

No. III.

[For this Museum.]

ANALYSIS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

I have perused a curious analytical description of the Holy Scriptures, being a calculation of the books, chapters, verses, words, letters, &c. in the Bible.

If any man doubt the calculation, which took three years casting up, let him count for himself, and see whether he can do it more accurately in a shorter time.

He that diligently, impartially, and attentively searches and studies the Bible until he understands it, will acknowledge it to be the best book in the world. Its sentiment, sublimity, elegance and simplicity, beautifully harmonise. Its connections and corroborating evidences are admirably calculated to convince the impartial and to confirm the honest and candid mind in the truth and divinity of the sacred canon. Sense is not confined in the Bible to mere jingle of sound, neither does a stiff and swelling style pass for elegance and sublimity. The most sublime sentiments are expressed with unaffected simplicity. We read or hear not for the sound of words, or for the sake of observing a stately structure of language; but to obtain information. In general, that is the best style by which ideas and sentiments are communicated with the greatest plainness and in fewest words; whereas, an affected style turns the attention on *itself*, rather than on the *sentiment*.

Read the following sentiment of Lawrence Sterne.

"An over curious and artificial arrangement of figures, tinselled over with a gaudy embellish-

ment of words which glitter but convey little or no light to the understanding, is much affected and admired by people of weak judgment and vicious taste, but has always been esteemed below the great geniuses of all ages, and is a piece of affectation and formality, which the sacred writers are utter strangers to. The other kind of style is quite the reverse of this, and which may be said to be the true characteristic of the Holy Scripture; where the excellence does not arise from labored and far-fetched elocution, but from a surprising mixture of simplicity and majesty." The authority of Mr. Addison, in point of language, is indisputable. In the 405th No. of the Spectator, he expresses his high opinion of the Scripture elegances in the most forcible terms. Speaking of the improvement in our language, by the infusions of Hebrews, he says, "They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech which are natural to our tongue when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings."

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* manners of speech mix and incorporate with the *English* language, after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what is here advanced.

SENEX.

Select Sentences.

At the end of the lottery of life, our minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation; they are not of so much worth, perhaps, as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason.

No man should be so confident in his own opinion as to reject all advice.

The first use of wisdom is to correct our own faults.

In the perusal either of history or romance, the pleasure of the reader arises chiefly from variety and contrast.

There is not any thing so absurd as not to have been said at some time by some philosopher.

Bad grammar does not vitiate the deed.

[For this Museum.]

OTHMA AND EUGENIA, OR, THE VILLAGE MANIAC.

(Concluded.)

The maniac shrieked aloud, and immediately rushed into his arms, exclaiming, "I have found him—I have found my Othma! O, we shall never part again." "Dearest Eugenia!" was the response of the faithful Othma, straining her to his bosom; and turning round, he recognised his reverend friend, who silently embraced him in return.

The aged rector, no less astonished than happy, hailed the exclamation of the maniac as the auspicious dawn of returning reason; and taking Othma aside, he briefly related to him the misfortune which had befallen her, and begged him to be cautious in his explanations; and assured him, from what he had just witnessed, he had great hopes she would be perfectly recovered in a little time—and that they both might yet be happy. "These aged hands (said he), which sixteen years ago, were to have blest your happy union, shall yet perform the office."

Othma thanked him in the 'joy of his grief,' and proposed to Eugenia to retire and compose herself. 'Oh, no, my love, I will never leave you more! (she replied,) why did you leave me when ——'

'Oh, Eugenia, it is a dreadful tale! will you be composed?—'

'Yes, yes; but tell me where have you been? I have searched the whole world for you! Come, you must first tell me all! and I will listen till ——'

Othma looked at the rector, as if enquiring how to act. He advised him to comply with her request, lest a refusal might produce what they most dreaded—but to make it as short as possible, as a lengthened or particular discourse might weary her senses, "Come, (said he) we are both anxious to know your story—Relate the strange adventure—the wonder of the village of Zathar! After which we will retire for the night—and may the morrow sun, with the blessing of Heaven, witness the happiness which has so long been denied you."

Othma then briefly related, that on entering the fatal wood, he was struck at by a ruffian with a poignard, which, entering his breast, caused him to fall to the ground—the blood flowed freely, and he felt the powers of life rapidly departing—but it soon stopped, and his strength revived. Attempting to rise, he with difficulty got upon his feet, and, almost insensible with faintness, staggered to the sea-shore, where he recollected again falling, but knew nothing of what befel him afterwards, until he found himself in the cabin of a vessel at sea! Here he awoke, he said, as from a dream! but the horrors of the night, and the distresses of Eugenia, rushing at once upon his mind, he again relapsed into delirium. At last he recovered, and learnt from the captain, that he had been taken out of a boat, drifting at the mercy of the waves, apparently lifeless; but by the skill of the surgeon, he had been recovered—It now occurred to him, that he must providentially have fallen into a boat at the side of the sea, and drifted from the shore.

But he had not long to indulge his grief or reflections, before the vessel was captured by some pirates who infest the coast, and all on board sold for slaves to the Turks, in whose merciless hands he had remained during the whole of his unaccountable absence, until, with two others, he made his escape, by swimming to an English cruiser off the harbor, and which had now borne him to his native land—the happy village of Zathar.

"And was my Othma a slave!—Oh what must have been your sufferings!" ejaculated Eugenia.

"Great indeed, my love; but nought compared to what you must have endured!"

"Mine!—mine would have been an hundred fold, if I had known that you were miserable. But I had judged that you were in Heaven! tho I could not help searching for you on earth; for something told me I should find you! But I knew nothing then—I was—"

"What was it told you so, my love?"

"Sometimes I thought it was my fancy—but at night I always dreamed an angel came and told me you were here."

The rector narrowly watched Eugenia; and was happy in perceiving little or no symptoms of her former derangement; and communicated his assurances to Othma. He then prevailed upon them to separate for the night, and in the morning he would again see them together.

The morning dawned—the busy villagers were all in consternation—and joy, mingled with curiosity and anxiety, shone in every feature. Othma's return and Eugenia's recovery soon became the universal topic of the hamlet—and all were solicitous to complete the general happiness by celebrating the nuptials which had been anxiously looked for, sixteen years before, and which every one was sure would now take place.

As the sun rose Eugenia enquired for her Othma at the door of the rector's closet, in which, on opening, she found him in close conversation with his friend, who had been communicating the mysterious death of the self-convicted assassin, of whom no knowledge whatever could be gained throughout the village—not even Othma himself, who had also examined the corpse, could recollect, from his features, having had any acquaintance of him in early life—he was a perfect stranger even to the oldest inhabitants. A christian burial was therefore accordingly ordered—and his mystery lies buried with him. On Eugenia's entering, the worthy rector embraced them both, and assured them that that day should witness their long delayed union. Eugenia, who had now perfectly recovered, blushed consent—and the rector ordered every thing in preparation; the deserted mansion of the Othma family, and the cottage of Eugenia, were repaired and fitted up for their reception, and the evening bells chimed their Epithalamium.

L.

The wisest of mankind have their lapses of indiscretion.

Taste and fashion are ever reverting and fluctuating.

Revenge is always the pleasure of a little, weak, and narrow mind.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1817.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A communication has been received, from a friend, enclosing an Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Maria de Krafft—it shall be inserted in turn, that is to say, as soon as the great press of original contributions, received prior to the commencement of the Museum, is disposed of. This notice, it is hoped, will be received generally, in respect to many others which have been long on hand.

Marriages.

UNION of beings, interests, minds, and names,
Is all that Wedlock, as its portion, claims;
When these combine, both sexes, sure, must prove,
The sweets of Marriage and the bliss of Love.

MARRIED, on the evening of the 10th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, *Mr. Richard Bishop*, of Leicester, England, to *Miss Eleanor Ann Page*, eldest daughter of Mr. William Page, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, *Mr. James Walker, junr.* of Wortley, New Leeds, England, to *Miss Caroline Biggs*, second daughter of Thomas Biggs, esq. of Philadelphia.

On Saturday, 7th June, by the Rev. David Jones, *Mr. Thomas Broadway, esq.* aged 83, to *Miss Bowler*, just turned of 15, all of Amelia county, Virginia.

"And if you are imposed upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done."

Deaths.

LET night, let morn, let clouds, let sun, let flow'rs,
To giddy mortals, some great truth convey:
Behold man's little life—his morn, his hours—
Scarce reaching up to noon—he fades away!

DIED, on the 12th inst. *Bartow Peters*, aged 20 years, son of the late George Peters, merchant.

On Saturday morning, 12th inst. about 9 o'clock, *Ann Maria Emerick*, wife of Mr. Baltis Emerick, in her 64th year.

On Sunday morning, 13th inst. at 8 o'clock, *Sarah Paxton*, widow of the late James Paxton, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 9th, at Germantown, *Samuel Mechlin*, aged 89 years.



*"Of from her careless hand, the wandering muse,
"Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form,
"A living wreath to deck the brows of time."*

[For this Museum.]

The Harp of Sorrow.

LAY III.—SONNET.

Within this dreary labyrinth of thorns,
Thro which forever I am doom'd to tread;
Still one dear flow'r the gloomy waste adorn's,
And throws its soften'd sweetness round my head.
The morning sun dispels the gloom of night,
And turns to beads of gold its tears of dew;
So this sweet flower, like the morning light,
Turns each black cloud to hope's bright dazzling hue!
When clouds obscure the brightness of the sky,
One only star oft shines amid the gloom;
So DELIA, this sweet flower, with a sigh
Or smile, oft shines thro all my dark'ning doom.
O'er every scene her smile yet brightly glows,
And gilds the daily harvest of my woes.

HENRY.

LAY IV.—RONDO.

REMEMBER ME till next we meet,
Remember me while love is sweet;
While recollection lives, in thee
Forever green, remember me!
Remember me, till all that's dear
Shall cease to claim from thee a tear;
While friendship has one charm for thee,
Remember me, remember me!
Remember me till rapture weeps,
Remember me till feeling sleeps;
While sympathy is dear to thee,
In all its flow'rs, remember me!
Remember me, while thought can swell
With all the joys we've known so well,
(The vision of our ecstasy!)
Remember me, remember me!
Remember me till thought's no more,
Remember me till life is o'er;
Till all the world is lost to thee,
With all our joys, remember me!
Remember me when death is o'er,
And in the skies we meet once more;
When Heav'n is ours, celestially
Remember me, remember me!

HENRY.

[For this Museum.]

The Lyre of Love.

STRAIN IV.—SONG.

Blest is the flow'r that woos at night
The silver moon's enam'ring light;
When the fond beam usurps the gloom,
And bids each hopeful blossom bloom:
But far more blest is he whose sigh
Can win the ray of SELA's eye;
And read the sweetest lesson there,
To live in hope and ne'er despair!

Happy the zephyr that inhales
The rose's richest, balmy gales;
And as it kisses feels a kiss
Return'd, to heighten every bliss!
But happier still the youth who sips
The sweetest kiss from SELA's lips,
When SELA takes it back once more
For him again to rob the store!

Sweet is the breath of morning light,
When sunbeams chase away the night;
And tell the fond expectant flow'rs,
Soon will be theirs the brightest hours:
But sweeter far are SELA's sighs,
When love illumines her tender eyes,
And tells her lover, in a kiss,
That she is his, with yes, yes, yes!

When two bright waters trace their way
Thro beds of flow'rs, in am'rous play;
How true their billowy bosoms beat,
When into one they fondly meet:
But, O! how dear will SELA meet
The youth who sips her kisses sweet,
When mutual love is all their own,
And Hymen makes them blest in one!

EDWARD.

THE DESPAIR OF LOVE.

Lost! strangely lost! is she, the faithful fair!
Whose voice was melody, whose look was love!
Whose touch was paradise, whose kiss was heaven!
Dear emanation from the fount of bliss,
Queen of the Graces, Passion of the Loves,—
In elegance, in sentiment, in taste,
In wit, in sympathy with joy or woe,
In every loveliness, alike supreme,—
Deign but to these sad sorrowing eyes,
One partial smile! Look but as thou wast wont,
When in the dimple of thy cherub cheek
Affection lay! Speak, kindly speak, and chase
The fiend Despair!

THE LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM, OR WEEKLY
REPOSITORY, is published every Saturday, by H. C.
Lewis, No. 157, South Eleventh street, near Locust;
where Subscriptions and Communications will be
thankfully received.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, at the rate of Four dol-
lars a-year, payable, in advance, quarterly, half-yearly,
or annually, at the pleasure of Subscribers.